

Bobby's Giant Load

a wife defiled in front of her husband



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By Dex O'Donald

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Smashwords Edition

Lexi and Tim

“I’ve never seen so much cum, honestly.”

Lexi’s lips had a faint touch of rose to them thanks to the two bottles of red she was sharing with her best friend Ellie. Her husband, Tim, sat with them. She wasn’t a tall girl and certainly carried no extra weight except for what was in her breasts and ass, so two bottles of red split three ways did a number on her inhibitions.

Tim grimaced when she said it, as any husband would. To hear your wife say something so vulgar about someone else would embarrass any man. The fact that she said it so nonchalant in front of other people just piled the emasculation on even more. Tim might bring this up later to her in private, but the chances were she would barely remember saying it, and more likely shrug it off if she did.

Ellie giggled when Lexi said it. Her eyes shifted to Tim momentarily, embarrassed for him, but laughing nonetheless.

“Oh come on, Tim, lighten up!” Lexi chuckled drunkenly, refilling her glass. “It’s not like you haven’t had your fair share of ex’s!”

“Just lighten up a little ok, Lexi?” It sounded like a plea.

“I’m just saying, Ellie,” she continued as if her husband was not there, tilting her head back and swilling the Cab. “I’ve been with guys before but Bobby had this ...fucking...fountain cock!” The girls ripped apart into laughter, keeling over and sloshing wine onto the table. Tim looked around uncomfortably, moments away from a not so graceful exit.

“I can’t imagine! My boyfriend Fred has got plenty and I don’t want anymore!” Ellie chimed in.

Lexi got her giggles under control and said, “yeah, but there was something so hot about it you know?”

This last comment from his wife pushed Tim to his feet. “OK, I’ll let you two finish up Ladies Night on your own. I am off to bed.”

“Don’t be such a child, Tim!” Lexi called after him, but he was already down the hallway and gone. Moments later the bedroom door shut, somewhat harder than

usual. “He’s such a baby,” Lexi continued, “he hears about a cock bigger than his and it’s off to bed!”

“So naïve,” Ellie added.

“YES, girl.”

“You didn’t say he was bigger though,” Ellie’s sly smile appeared behind her wine glass.

“I didn’t?” The giggles were coming back.

“No, Lex. You said he came like a firehose, you didn’t say anything about the hardware itself.”

“Well, Ellie my love...let’s just say Tim picked the right time to go to bed.”

The two women laughed and drank late into the night.

The remarks about her ex-boyfriend Bobby had always been there. Since their first few dates it had gone from casual remarks about an ex that anyone in a relationship might make, to so much more specific (and humiliating) details as time went on. It was only a week after they were married and had been together close to three years that she mentioned how dominant Bobby could be in the bedroom.

“Well you know, some guys are just more aggressive in bed,” she told her husband over brunch cocktails. “It’s not a good or a bad thing, just different. I like how sweet you are to me, Tim.”

“But you liked how rough he was?” Tim shot back. The growing annoyance at this Bobby fellow had been persistent for years; several times they had gotten into full blown arguments about it. Arguments that Lexi usually came out on top in.

“Oh God don’t start this again, Tim.”

“Well you liked it, right?”

Lexi stared back at him with malice and rolled her eyes. Then she looked away and to the floor. Tim knew.

The night that Lexi and Ellie stayed up drinking red was the same night that Tim lay huddled under blankets in the next room over, his phone on full brightness and his 6 inch cock hard in his hand. He watched videos on porn sites of men giving their wife to other men. He came in a sock and stuffed it under the bed. For the moment, the tide was quelled and the fantasy gone. The fantasy he didn't dare mention around Lexi or God knew what might transpire.

But the implications of it, the fact that he had just cum to that dirty, horrible thought, scared him. It scared him a lot.

Lexi slid into bed next to him a little while later, drunk and smelling of wine. She cuddled up onto his back and pressed herself tight against him. He could feel her large C cups, warm and inviting against his back. She was shaking her hips a little trying to get comfortable and it almost awoke the flaccid thing in his boxer briefs. Ellie was asleep on the couch and the house was quiet.

Tim laid there, listening to his wife sleep, thinking about her body; the curves and the color of it. He thought about the two women giggling at him. Most of all he thought about this guy named Bobby, and just who the hell he might be.

Bobby

Bobby had always had it. Whatever it was came extremely natural to him. He didn't have to work on it; he didn't have to practice it. What it is exactly was hard to express directly, but he knew what it had to do with; his natural prowess in the bedroom, his natural way with woman, his distinctly large member, his low voice and commanding nature, etc. Some called him an Alpha, but it was more than that. Because of all the sexual prowess and of all of his physical gifts (from big dong to natural abs), there was one thing that trumped them all. One thing that maybe other men didn't have. Sure, plenty of guys had "game." Some guys have big dicks and some guys with those big dicks knew how to use them. Guys like Bobby. But what made Bobby, well, Bobby, was that one thing that made him know that he absolutely had it.

And that of course was his giant load of cum.

In College, Bobby earned a nickname in the dorm building he stayed in. Half-way through his freshman year they started calling him Bobby Big Load, or Load for short. He managed to spend some time with several different girls in the building and as girls do, they started to talk. Word got around through girlfriends to boyfriends and then guys and girls alike knew the deal. They knew that Bobby was packing not just a big gun, but some serious fucking ammunition.

"Are you fucking kidding me, Bobby?" Sarah had been furious, unable to open her eyes because of it. Bobby had been her first, both of them 18 at the time. Sarah had been Bobby's first conquest that year, and ultimately the girl who would later come up with the nickname. After fucking her to climax three times, Bobby pulled out to finish on Sarah's white little stomach. And he had. Except, it didn't just soak her belly. Grunting, Bobby's first three wads shot well across Sarah's stomach and covered her cute face with three large SPLATS. She was immediately blinded.

"Oh my Go—" Sarah was cut off when another line of thick jizz shot across her body and into her mouth. Sarah's tits, stomach, belly button and pussy hair were drenched by the time Bobby finally went to get her a towel. "You could have warned me, Bobby", she said to him as she wiped her face clean.

"Where's the fun in that?" He said.

Bobby met Lexi for the first time in their sophomore year. Although they were

living in different dorms, Bobby's nickname had followed him across campus and Lexi was more than curious to find out if the name accurate.

Soon, they were dating. And sometimes, even as he unleashed himself on her in the wee hours of the morning, Lexi would call him, "Load." And although they were always a fiery couple in the sheets (or the car, or the woods, or a stall), things never got past "mildly compatible" with them, and so they dated off and on for several years. "Dating" might be a stretch, and something like "Lexi getting off" may be more accurate.

After college Bobby never could bring himself to settle down, instead preferring all the flavors of woman and their many forms. And as his number of conquests grew, so did his ego. Soon enough he found himself longing for the company of different woman not so much for their sexual prowess or even the way it made him feel, but rather, he loved the look on their face every time they saw his giant load. Whether it was on them, or him, or spilling out over a condom...he relished it every single time. Every woman was astounded, disgusted, turned on, or terrified...but it was always an honest reaction. And Bobby's load wasn't something he could control or change or practice or tame...it just was what it was.

The Concert

Lexi and Tim took an Uber to the concert that night, stopping along the way to pick up Ellie. They were going to see Lexi's favorite band, The Killers. Tim had even gotten on the presale to try and pick up the best seats possible, but even those had gone fast. The two of them had been looking forward to the concert for months, but what Tim had really been excited about was the drunken sex he was certain to receive afterwards.

"So are these nosebleeds or what, Tim?" Ellie asked as she shuffled into the backseat of the car.

"I'm sure they are, babe," Lexi giggled. "Tim isn't happy unless I'm staring at the back of someone's head all night."

"Alright, alright already!" Tim said, frustrated. "I did the best I could and besides, it's a free concert for the both of you, isn't it? So quit your complaining!"

The girls laughed him off and then ignored him for the rest of the ride to arena. As they chatted and droned on about God knows what, Tim's mind drifted to the night before when Lexi had taken the time to embarrass him again. It came up so often these days between the two girls that Tim was almost certain Ellie was trying to find this Bobby guy and fuck his brains out, despite what her boyfriend might think. Bobby's big dick and giant load was the talk of the town, and Tim's mediocre seats were an afterthought.

When they got to the show the line of cars to the front was at a standstill.

"I can let you folks out here if you want to walk the rest of the way?" The Uber driver said.

Tim looked to Lexi for a decision and Lexi rolled her eyes. She was dressed up to be sure, with heels and a tight fitting dress. Her makeup was gorgeous and the green eyeshadow flashed whenever she blinked.

"It's not that far of a walk girls," Tim said as the two women moaned in annoyance. "And besides, we can get in quicker this way. Let's go."

Begrudgingly, the women got out of the car and began a slow walk to the front of the arena parking lot. It was just as crowded as expected, but some vehicle at

the front of the car line seemed to be holding everything up. As they got closer, it revealed itself to be a black stretch limo, parked just outside the entrance doors.

“Jesus, what kind of asshole holds up traffic like this?” Tim asked.

“Some very wealthy asshole, that’s who,” Lexi said. “Someone with better seats than us I’m sure.”

Tim was starting to become very, very annoyed.

As they passed the limo, the back door flew open and the smell of tobacco wafted out onto the sidewalk. A man clambered out, tall and well built, dressed to the nines and clearly ready to party. Tim didn’t pay him a second glance as he continued towards the front door.

“Smells like cigars-“Tim began, turning to Lexi and Ellie. But the two girls were no longer beside him. Confused, he looked around and then back. They were still standing by the limo. And they were talking to the man who had just gotten out of it. Lexi had a smile so wide Tim could see all of her pretty white teeth. Ellie beside her seemed just as excited, though quieter.

The large man from the limo opened his arms and pulled Lexi into a close, tight hug.

Tim sped walk back to the trio.

“We were just talking about you!” Lexi practically yelled. Tim had entered into the conversation just in time. He felt a tightening in his gut, and seemed to know who this man was before they even acknowledged him

“Oh yea? Good things I hope!” The man boomed, and winked at Ellie. Ellie blushed.

“I’m Bobby,” He said, reaching out a large hand and shaking Ellie’s.

Bobby. It was fucking Bobby Big Dick. Big Load Bobby. It was Tim’s worst nightmare, his ultimate humiliation.

“Hi there.” Tim squeaked from behind his wife, unable to come up with anything better.

They flat out ignored him.

“A limo to the show, huh, Bobby?” Lexi started. “Never one to cause a scene! Where are you sitting?”

“HI THERE!” Tim said, louder this time, finally catching the attention of his wife and her friend. Lexi turned around, partly confused and partly annoyed, and acknowledged her husband.

“Oh, sorry. Tim. Tim, this is Bobby! Bobby, this is Tim!”

Tim looked up at Bobby and Bobby smirked at him.

“You’re the husband, huh?” Bobby said, reaching out a hand and squeezing Tim’s hand. Almost too hard. “You’re a lucky man, Timmy. You’ve got yourself one helluva woman.”

“Don’t I know it,” Tim replied meekly.

“So where are you guys sitting? Maybe the four of us can have a drink before the show. In VIP it’s an open bar.”

A short silence ran through group at the news that Bobby’s seats were clearly much better than Tim’s.

“We’re not in VIP, Bobby. I’m not exactly sure where we’re sitting...” she trailed off.

“I got on the presale,” Tim mumbled.

Bobby smirked, and there was something in it that Tim absolutely detested. It was both smug and knowing; it seemed to emasculate Tim right where he stood. And somehow, on some level, Tim knew what Bobby was about to say before he said it.

“Well, shit,” Bobby began, as he straightened out the lapels on his suit. “Just so happens I have two extra tickets with me.” As he said this, he reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a white envelope. Opening it, he revealed three VIP passes to the concert.

“Of course, one of those three is mine,” Bobby said. “But I don’t mind hooking you guys up with the other two.”

Lexi’s mouth was open as she looked at the seats marked on the passes. Ellie’s eyes were wide with excitement and possibility. Tim was mostly angry and embarrassed.

“Wow, Bobby,” Lexi blushed. “I don’t know what to say, I mean, the three of us are sitting together...but,” she looked at Tim then. Her eyes were wide and expecting, the kind of eyes that said fix this for me, solve this for me, even though you know exactly what I want you to say.

But it was Bobby who spoke first.

“Well, what do you say, Timmy? How about you man up and let these lovely ladies party in the nice seats. And we can catch you after the show or something?” He finished with a hearty laugh, and threw a wink at one of the girls; Lexi or Ellie, which one Tim could not be sure.

Tim stuttered, and Lexi pounced.

“Oh pleeeeeease, baby,” she begged, wrapping her arms around his neck. “You know how much I love this band...And you were so great to get us seats, but aren’t these the seats you were trying to get in the first place?”

It was all happening so fast, Tim could barely make heads or tails of it all and every moment that passed without him speaking up was another moment that the situation was slipping out of his control.

“Am I supposed to watch it by myself?” He asked.

“Hell, Timmy,” Bobby said, as he inched in between the girls and put one big arm around both of them. “Maybe you’ll be able to watch us having fun from where you’re sitting.”

What Tim Missed

In Tim's state of slight drunkenness and total embarrassment he allowed his wife's ex-boyfriend to commandeer not only his wife from him, but his wife's hot friend. As Tim took his seats far from the new trio (and even further from the stage), his mind raced with the possibilities of what might be happening without him. After all, this was no ordinary dude. This was the famed Big Bobby, the guy with the big dick and the even bigger load. How in the hell did let that douche bag convince him of any of this?

While he would never get every detail from his wife on what happened during that hour and fifty minutes, it was about everything he could have guessed.

First, Bobby got the girls drunk. The drinks were free, that much was obvious. But it seemed like everyone on the staff knew Bobby, and the three of them never went thirsty. The drinks flowed, and so did the conversation. Barely paying mind to the show at all, the three of the chatted about times gone by and sexual adventures of the past; each talking point more inappropriate for a married woman than the last. Not to mention, Ellie was being more than just a little physical with Bobby as the night went on.

At one point, Bobby and Ellie disappeared to "go to the bathroom."

When Bobby returned alone, Lexi asked him where Ellie had gone.

"To change her clothes," he laughed, putting an arm around Lexi and pulling her close to his chest. "She spilled...something on them."

The Limo

Bobby busied himself with lighting a cigar while Tim's wife sucked his cock. He seemed distracted if anything, but Lexi was anything but. She was using both hands to work Bobby's meat in and out of her mouth, and she did her best to get him as far back into her throat as possible. At one point, she stopped and looked up at him.

"It's bigger than I remember, Bobby." She was drooling.

"Did I tell you to fucking stop, Lexi?" Bobby shoved her back onto his glistening cock and held her there for a moment, pumping into her mouth roughly as if to punish her.

Tim had both hands on his head and was pretty much on his knees in the moving vehicle. Tears and sweat stained his eyes, and from the angle that Bobby was sitting he had an unmistakable view of what was going on. He could see the spit around his wife's lips. He could see her eyes relaxed and focused. And he could see her starting to try and rub her pussy against Bobby's leg.

After the show, Tim had found them standing outside by the Limo. Lexi was drunk and hanging on Bobby without shame, and when she saw Tim approaching she visibly rolled her eyes.

"What the fuck, Lexi," Tim said, livid.

"Oh just can it, Tim," Lexi slurred back at him.

"Calm the fuck down, Timmy," Bobby had practically yelled at him. "We were kind enough to wait for you and give you a ride back home. Now get in the limo."

Tim followed the two into the limo with the plan of separating them and ending this madness once and for all. It had undoubtedly progressed to being one of the worst nights of his life, and he wanted it over as soon as possible.

But once inside the vehicle, Tim realized that things were out of his control, and had been for a while. The door had barely shut before she was on him, kissing and feeling on another man. Right in front her loving husband. That was when the shock took over, and Tim folded up inside of himself like a bad stomach ache.

Bobby was bigger. There was no doubt. He was huge and long and smooth and white, with one long blue vein running through the middle of it. His mammoth balls were resting on the leather seat, jostling here and there as Lexi worked his dick.

“Your wife is trying to hump my leg,” Bobby was puffing the cigar now and the car was filling with the aroma. He cracked the window a few inches and the sounds of the city came into the car. “She must be really fucking desperate, and you must really not be giving it to her. Look how fucking wet she’s getting sucking MY cock, Tim.”

Tim was trying to hold back groans and had no intelligible response to Bobby’s insults.

“She hasn’t looked at you once, Timmy,” Bobby continued. “Just look at her... oh, that’s it, slut. Suck it good. Suck it so your husband can see what a slut you are.” Bobby continued puffing away, holding the cigar with one hand and Lexi’s head with the other.

Bobby pulled her off of his cock and held her around the neck.

“Open your mouth.”

Lexi obeyed.

Bobby shot a small white ball of spit into the back of her throat, and then he pulled her close and kissed her hard. Lexi moaned into his mouth as his rough hands got into her dress and found her large tits. Eventually he tore the dress down the middle, exposing her breasts; one still in its cup, the other hanging over.

“Sloppy fucking tits, Lexi. Just like you.” Bobby slapped the free hanging tit and Lexi gasped. Then he ripped the rest of the bra off and through it in Tim’s direction. He kissed her, exploring her mouth with his tongue and playing with her tits. Lexi kept her hands on his rock.

“This is gonna be short and sweet for you two today,” Bobby said, completely naked now. His body was the product of a gym membership and good habits. Two things Tim didn’t seem to have. “I know how much your wife loves my fat fucking load, so I’m going to give it to her. You understand Tim? I’m going to

nut all over your pretty fucking wife, then I'm dropping you two off."

Tim's cock was coming to life underneath his jeans while he watched the bull with his wife. Lexi was kneeling, sucking on his swollen nutsack. Bobby was finishing off another glass of champagne in between his insults, the cigar in his left hand always ready to go.

"I usually like to take my time, you understand? But I'm busy man and I have places to be. So watch this, Timmy."

Bobby put Lexi on her back; all she had on at this point were some flimsy red panties. He ripped them off of her, leaving marks where they had broken. Tim could see his wife's legs spread wide and Bobby's muscular ass starting to work between them. Even with the movement of the Limo on the highway Bobby had no problems finding his way. He pushed into Lexi's cunt and she cried out. Tim could see her straining as her body tried to fit him.

"Oh my God," Tim whispered, his cock hard and pushing against the denim of his jeans.

"You want that fat fucking load don't you, Lexi," Bobby was breathing hard in her ear, pumping her fast. Lexi was moaning loud and the temperature in the car was rising. Bobby sat up and grabbed Lexi around the hips and started working her faster. He squeezed her left tit hard; he shoved two fingers in her mouth and commanded her to suck. He was having his fill of her, right in front of her husband. And there wasn't a thing anybody could do about it.

"Oh I'm gonna fucking cum, oh Bobby, oh Bobby, you're so fucking big baby,"

"Listen to your wife, Tim," Bobby laughed, wiping sweat off his forehead and then wiping it all over Lexi. "Listen to your slut wife, Timmy. She loves my cock. She lets me fuck her like a whore in a limo on the way to work...oh fuck, yeah."

"I'm fucking cumming, oh God, oh Bobby,"

Tim watched his wife turn into a shaking mess as she came on her ex-boyfriend's cock. Bobby never slowed his pumps as he pushed her over the edge, running his rough hands all over her body. When her convulsing had subsided, Bobby pulled out his soaked cock and grabbed Lexi by the hair. He

pulled her over in front of him so that she was facing Tim for the first time. Then he pushed her in the back and put her on all fours.

“Now you can watch me fucking finish, Timmy. Watch me finish my fucking nut on your wife.”

He held her there in front of Tim and pounded. His cigar was smoldering in the ash tray and the champagne bottle looked as it had before. The sound of Bobby slamming into Lexi’s cunt and Lexi’s own moans and screams filled the car, drowning out the sound of Tim jerking himself off through his jeans.

“She ever tell you about my load, Tim? I bet she fucking did. Can’t keep her fucking mouth shut about it. She tell you it’s the biggest fucking load you’ve ever seen?”

Tim stared into his wife’s eyes as he moved himself closer to orgasm.

“For comparison, Tim, I want you to crawl the fuck over here and nut on the floor in front of your wife.”

Tim stopped jacking for a moment and looked at Bobby, naked and sweaty and smiling as he grooved in and out of Lexi.

“I’m not kidding, Tim. Pussy-foot the fuck over here and let’s see your nut. What? This not hot enough for you? What if I treat her like more of a slut, huh? What about this?”

Bobby grabbed a handful of Lexi’s hair and held it as he gave it to her. He started slapping her ass, leaving red on Lexi’s pale bouncing ass cheeks. “What if you can hear how much she loves my fucking cock? Yeah? Is that it? Lexi tell him how much you love it, be a good wife.”

“Oh Tim he’s so big, he’s so biiiiig,” Lexi was having a hard time talking while Bobby had his way with her.

Tim crawled closer now and was jacking off right in front of his wife for the first time. He hadn’t even realized he’d started doing it, and all at once he was ashamed. But she didn’t see him. Her eyes were closed or rolling around, swimming in pleasure as the man behind her used her pussy up.

“Oh, God, Bobby, give it to me. Cum. Please.”

“Not until little Timmy nuts. Come on, Tim. Fucking nut! Jerk off and cum while I pound your slut wife!”

Tim grimaced, ashamed and embarrassed as he came on the limo floor. Bobby and Lexi watched as his white cock dribbled out a load of drops about the size of dimes. And then he kept jacking, wishing for more but unable to produce.

Bobby began laughing at him. Lexi couldn't help but giggle.

“Alright, Timmy. Now fucking look at this.”

Bobby pulled out of Lexi and she instinctively flipped onto her back. He knelt over her and started jerking off just above her stomach. He had his canon aimed straight out, so not only was Lexi in the line of fire, but so was Tim.

“Better stand back, Timmy. I'm gonna fucking blow all over your whore wife.”

Lexi raised up on her elbows and got close enough to wrap her lips around the end of Bobby's cock while he jerked it.

“Yeah just like that baby, fucking earn that nut. Earn that nut I'm gonna drop all over you.”

Bobby grabbed the back of her head and got as much as he could down her throat, and then he held her there, skull-fucking Lexi's pretty face while spit ran down the sides of her mouth. Lexi's eyes were wide and staring up at Bobby as she tried to please him the way he wanted.

“Oh fuck,” Bobby said, and then he began grunting.

Lexi choked and came off of Bobby's cock, a fresh wad of cum falling from her mouth. She fell on her back as Bobby's cock began to rain. Huge streaking wads of jizz shot out hard and fast and began to paste Lexi's body, as well as the limo floor beyond. Tim scuttled backwards to avoid getting hit.

Bobby began to aim down so that Lexi could catch the full weight of it. White gobs were in her hair and runny streaks going down her forehead and into her eyes. Both of her nipples were covered and thinner streaks were running down

the sides of her tits. He kept grunting as he kept cumming, and soon Lexi's eyes were closed as he continued..

Bobby let out a few final spurts and looked down at cum-covered Lexi below him. He laughed. He leaned forward and began to squeeze the final drops of it right onto her face. Lexi giggled uncomfortably, clearly ready for a towel.

“Open up, Lexi.”

Slowly, she opened wide. Her face was coated in thick cum, and there was still strings of it in her mouth. Bobby reached down and grabbed a handful of her hair, using it to reposition her. She slide down a bit onto the floor so that Bobby could get his cock above her face. Then he began to plow his semi-hard meat down her throat.

Tim had a view of Bobby's ass and giant nut sack as it dipped down again and again, into his wife's mouth. Lexi had cum running all down her body, and the new angle she was at allowed the heaviest of it to really drip. Her tits jiggled as Bobby got rougher with her, and the cum on her nipples slid of and onto her thighs.

Tim hadn't breathed yet, the shock of it holding him hostage. Finally he let out a shuddering sigh as he tried to catch his breath. His heart raced and pounded through his chest.

“That's it, baby. Let me fuck that mouth a little longer. Like the view, Tim? I sure fucking do! If I keep fucking your wife's face like this I might get hard again...and we wouldn't want that would we?”

Before Tim could even dare to answer, Bobby had yanked his already erect cock from Lexi's mouth, and lifted his leg up over her head, resting it on the head rest of the limo seat. He put Lexi's face inches from his asshole.

“Lick it, bitch.”

Slow at first, unsure, Lexi began to tongue Bobby's asshole. She was close enough that the cum from her face was sticking to his cheeks. Bobby was pumping his cock with one hand, and holding Lexi's face still as she rimmed him.

Tim sat back in his chair. Utterly Defeated.

“Oh Timmy, Oh Timmy boy,” Bobby gloated, “your wife is a fucking slut, that is for sure.”

Bobby yanked her back and put his leg back on the floor. He shoved his purple cock back in her mouth and started fucking her so hard that his balls were slapping Lexi’s neck. Sometimes Lexi would spit up a little, but then get right back to it.

For another fifteen minutes Tim watched Bobby trade back and forth between having Lexi eat his ass or suck his cock. It was obvious that Bobby was hard again, and everyone in the limo knew what that meant. Unable to take anymore, Tim turned to look out the window. It was to no avail, as his own reflection came off the tint and there was no escaping it.

Where Did Ellie Go?

Ellie was pushed up against the wall with Bobby deep inside her when the cell phone began to vibrate in her blouse pocket.

She knew exactly what Bobby had meant to do when he whispered in her ear, "Follow me." And she had done just that, followed him with a smile on her face. After all the stories she heard from Lexi, and after meeting him in the parking lot, and just the way he carried himself with that confidence, and that...what was it? Panache? X-factor? She didn't know the word...but whatever it was, Bobby definitely had it.

He took her past the bathrooms to a door that read STAFF ONLY, and a bouncer stepped aside and held the door open for them. It was a small, dingy backroom where extra toilet paper and bar supplies were kept. Bobby started kissing her and feeling her up over the dress, and she let him. Hell, she wanted it. The only small problem nagging in her mind was her boyfriend, Fred. The two of them had been an item for about six months, and though she felt bad about it, the way that Bobby was touching her was making it easy to forget.

Easy until the phone began to ring of course.

Ellie tried to ignore the vibrating phone in her pocket as Bobby railed her from behind, but as it turned out, Bobby wasn't trying to ignore it at all. In fact, he reached one big mitten over Ellie's bouncing breasts and found the phone in her pocket. He pulled it out and for a moment, Ellie tried to grab it from him but it was gone; and besides, she was close to climaxing as he fucked her against that wall.

"Who the fuck is, Fred?" Bobby asked in a grunt, never slowing his pace.

"My...My-my-, oh fuck I'm gonna cum Bobby!"

The phone stopped ringing just as she began to orgasm on Bobby's thick meat. Always the expert multi-tasker, Bobby went into the camera on the phone.

"On your knees, Ellie. Time for a gift."

Ellie dropped her dress back down and got down to her knees in the dirty linen closet. She took Bobby's mass in her hand and then plunged it down her throat. It was by far the biggest she had ever worked with. As she looked up at him,

working tirelessly to finish him, she saw that he had her phone in his hand and was pointing it at her.

Click. Click. Click.

Bobby went into her text messages.

“What the fuck are you doing?” She asked him, taking the giant white meat from her lips.

“Did I ask you stop, Ellie?” He chastised, then grabbed her head with a free hand and put her back to work. Then Bobby found FRED in her contacts, and began to text.

She’s busy, bro. He typed it underneath a picture of Ellie with his cock halfway down her throat, the large blue vein pulsing just under her lips. He pushed SEND.

“Are you ready for my nut, baby?” He asked her, switching the camera over to video mode.

“Yes,” she mumbled through a mouth full of cock.

“Hold still.”

Bobby held her phone steady with one hand and grabbed his own manhood with the other. Ellie looked up at him with big brown eyes. Her mind began to race: Oh my god this is it. The load I’ve been hearing about. The one I’ve been waiting for. Ellie would never have left a man ejaculate on her face before; not Fred, not anybody. But this was Big Load Bobby, and if there was ever a time she was going to let a guy cum on her face, it was now.

“Say Hi to Fred, whore!”

Ellie felt the first thick ropes of it land on her face and her eyes closed. It was hot and thick and it smelled almost sweet. He was grunting as each shot sprayed out, covering her forehead and cheeks. She felt it splattering into her hair and other gobs of it running onto her dress.

Holy fucking shit this is insane, she thought. How can this be one guy? And my

fucking dress is ruined.

What he had said right before ejaculating had certainly registered with her. After all, he was clearly recording it and had already sent some kind of bullshit text to Fred. Oh well. Fred was nice, and Fred was sweet. But her legs were still shaking underneath her from the orgasm Bobby had given her. Maybe it was time to be single for a while. Maybe she could get Bobby's number...

Fifteen miles away, lying in his bed with his stiff cock in his hand, Fred Gronberg watched a video of his girlfriend being painted by another man's superior cock. He watched the cum shower her face and hair and clothes, and he saw the disbelief on her face. Then he saw her smile. Right before the video cut out, the man holding the camera slapped his girlfriend's cum-covered face with his thick dick, and the semen splattered everywhere.

Fred came in his hand.

Ellie went home to change.

Goodnight Tim

When at last Bobby had gotten his ass eaten enough to his liking, he pushed Lexi down onto the floor of the limo again and squatted over her face. He jerked himself off for his third load that evening.

“One more special load for my favorite whore,” he laughed, as the white liquid dripped out like icing onto her face and body.

Tim no longer had the stomach to watch, but even staring out the window he could see the close reflection of it. He could see his wife getting painted again. He could hear her laughing, he could smell Bobby’s sweaty balls, and he could feel the heat coming off of their bodies. When the last drop had finally been spilled, Bobby pushed the head of his cock into Lexi’s mouth one more time.

“Suck every last drop,” he commanded.

“Enough already!” Tim finally managed to shout.

Lexi ignored him as she went about her task, but Bobby looked over at him and chuckled.

“Almost forgot you were here, Timmy.” He flexed. “Long ride home, huh? That’s ok, we’re almost there.” Lexi was painted. She looked as if she had been showered in the semen of six or seven men.

Bobby squeezed the last drop out and then, at last, took a seat and pulled his pants up. As he went about buttoning and buckling he looked at Tim’s wife on the floor of the limo, covered in his seed. Tim was staring at Bobby with a mix of hatred and awe. After a while, Lexi sat up.

“Do you have any towels?” Just as she asked it, the limo came to a full stop and parked.

“No towels, baby,” Bobby laughed, “but your clothes are here in a pile, and looks like we got you two home safe and sound.”

Tim rolled the window down and sure enough, they were home.

“I can’t put those on, I’m covered in cum,” Lexi said, confused.

Bobby shrugged.

The defiled couple ran at a high speed into their house that night. Quite an image the two of them; a completely nude wife dripping with bodily fluids, and an emasculated husband hunched over in humiliation. The limo drove off silently after the two made it into their house successfully. Bobby lit another cigar and asked his driver to take him home.

“You’ve got a helluva mess to clean up back here tonight, my man.”

Later that night, after the shower, Lexi crawled into bed next to Tim.

“I can’t believe you, Lexi. I can’t fucking believe you. What in the fuck was that?”

Lexi was quiet for a while. The only sound in the room was her heavy breathing. At last she broke the silence. “I saw you,” she said.

“What? What’s that mean?”

“I saw you...you know...playing with yourself. You liked it. You fucking came. I saw you.”

Tim tried to act disgusted, but even the sigh leaving his mouth sounded forced.

“Goodnight Tim,” she said, cuddling up to him.

“I...I didn’t like it if that’s what your implying...I just...I don’t know, I,” Tim trailed off.

“Goodnight, Tim,” Lexi said again.

The married couple slept soundly through the night.

THE END.

*If you enjoyed this story, please take the time to leave a review. Thank you,
Dear Reader!*

-Dex